

THE OMAHA BEE

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not desire any contributions of a literary or poetical character; and we will not undertake to preserve, or to return in any way, any such contributions. Our staff is sufficiently large to more than supply our limited space in that direction.

REAL NAME OF WRITER. In full, must be given in each case accompanying any communication of what nature soever. This is not intended for publication, but for our own satisfaction and as proof of good faith.

OUR COUNTRY FRIENDS will always be pleased to hear from, on all matters connected with crops, country politics, and on any subject whatever of general interest to the people of our State. Any information connected with the election, and relating to schools, accidents, etc., will be gladly received. All communications, however, must be brief as possible; and they must, in all cases, be written upon one side of the sheet only.

ALL ABOVE REMARKS OF CANDIDATES for office—whether made by self or friends, and whether or not "near our own columns"—are (unless otherwise stated) made simply personal, and will be charged as advertisements.

All communications should be addressed to E. ROSEWATER, Editor and Publisher, Drawer 272.

NOTICE.

On and after October twenty-first, 1872, the city circulation of the DAILY BEE is assumed by Mr. Edwin Davis, to whose order all subscriptions not paid at the office will be payable, and by whom all receipts for subscriptions will be countersigned.

E. ROSEWATER, Publisher.

WHAT was it that prompted Pattee and Strickland to visit Furay at his private residence last night? Did they go there to compare notes about that \$4,000 business?

The bloodthirsty character of the Carlist brigades receives further illustration by our cable dispatches. Over one hundred Spanish Republican soldiers, held as prisoners by Don Carlos, have been butchered in cold blood in the past three days.

The Acting-Governor of Mississippi appeals for reinforcements from the Federal army to keep Vicksburg straight during the impending election. The Mayor of Vicksburg implores Secretary Belknap to let Vicksburg alone. The prayer of the Mayor seems to prevail.

NEBRASKA Grangers who are impatient by ambulance members of their order to organize a Granger's party will do well to ponder over the following resolution, passed by Savoy Grange, No. 65, of Champaign county Illinois:

Resolved, That Savoy Grange looks with distrust, and most emphatically disapproves of the course taken by some of the Granges in sending delegates to political nominating conventions.

The Lincoln Journal holds the BEE responsible for the fizzle of the Independent meeting at the State Capital Tuesday. It is charged that a number of delegates, including Mr. Root from Douglas county, were sent on a fool's errand to Lincoln by the BEE's announcement that the meeting would be held on Tuesday, July 21st, when in fact it did not come off until one week later. Now the BEE proposes to place the responsibility where it belongs, with the *Nebraska Granger*. That paper is the official organ of the original movers of this new departure, and the BEE simply obtained its information from that sheet.

DOES VINDICATION VINDICATE?

More than a week before the arrival in Omaha of Special Agent Hawley, the Omaha postal corruptionists openly boasted their ability to "box him up." Mr. Hawley is now here, and, much as we regret it, we are, unfortunately, forced to the conclusion that he is effectually boxed. From the very outset the pretended investigation conducted by him in the interest of the Government has proved a transparent and disgraceful sham. While the party that preferred the grave charges against Messrs. Yost and Furay was denied the privilege of counsel in examining witnesses, Mr. Hawley has throughout acted as the attorney of the accused.

Instead of an impartial investigator he assumed the role of vindicator. In fact he openly sought to exculpate the accused by the most ingenious sophistry.

While conceding Mr. Hawley's merit as a vindicator of postal rascality, the BEE doubts exceedingly whether his style of vindication will vindicate before an unprejudiced popular tribunal.

In order that our readers may comprehend Mr. Hawley's peculiar views of official honor and integrity, we shall cite a few of his logical arguments. When Mr. Wm. Bamberg had testified that Postmaster Yost had converted Pattee's lottery establishment into a branch post-office by permitting Pattee to put up his own mail and cancel the stamps, Mr. Yost acknowledged the fact, and Mr. Hawley promptly remarked that this was somewhat irregular but inasmuch as Pattee was a liberal patron of the postoffice there could be no harm in letting him cancel his stamps since it saved the clerks in the postoffice much labor.

Now we defy Mr. Hawley to cite a single instance where the Post-office Department has ever granted a permit to any merchant, banker or journalist to put up, stamp and cancel his mail on his own premises and without the personal supervision of a sworn postal clerk. Much less can Mr. Hawley cite an instance where the Postoffice Department has granted such extraordinary privileges to a lottery manager. Again, the same witness testified that postmaster Yost had habitually turned over all inquiries concerning the character and reliability of Pattee's lottery to Mr. Pattee, and Mr. Hawley declares there is nothing wrong about that, "I might have done the same thing."

Was not such an act an emphatic endorsement of the lottery swindle? Again, when Yost acknowledged that he had received and accepted a set of silver service from Pattee, Mr. Hawley thought there was nothing improper about that. Taken in connection with the extraordinary

mailing facilities enjoyed by Mr. Pattee, does Mr. Hawley believe this munificent gift was not well earned?

And now we come to Mr. Sperry's testimony, which can be corroborated by the pay rolls in the Omaha post office. Sperry testifies that he signed the pay roll for \$125 each month, of which amount he only received \$100 and Yost retained the balance. Mr. Sperry served ten months in the office and the government was thus deliberately defrauded out of \$250.

Mr. Hawley thinks that was also somewhat irregular. In fact, he inclines to the opinion that it would have been sufficient cause to prevent Yost's appointment, but inasmuch as it was done during Griffin's administration, it is questionable whether Yost should now be held to account for it.

Under this code of morals the promotion of a public thief would deliver the Government from dismembering him, providing the theft was committed before he was promoted. This is a bold and dangerous declaration, that a public officer known to be dishonest and corrupt may still hold a responsible position of honor, profit and trust.

Against this monstrous and infamous doctrine the BEE enters its solemn protest, both as a public journal and a representative of the Republican party. That party cannot afford to invent or forge excuses for public corruptionists, nor will the BEE lend itself to such a suicidal task. If Mr. Hawley is disposed to make the postal investigation a farce, nobody can prevent him, but let him not attempt to vindicate what cannot honorably be vindicated.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

A decision involving very important principles touching the rights of public carriers was rendered in the U. S. Circuit Court of Illinois, on Tuesday, in the case of the Atlantic & Pacific Telegraph Company against Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Company. The Telegraph Company accepting the act of Congress of July 24, 1866, entitled "an act to aid in erecting telegraph lines, and to secure to the government the use of the same for postal and military, and other purposes," commenced the construction of a line along the route of the Rock Island Rail Road, between Chicago and Omaha. The railroad company ordered the telegraph company to desist after a few poles were set. Therefore the telegraph company appealed to the United States Circuit Court for an injunction restraining the railroad company from interfering with the construction of their lines, claiming that the Rock Island road carried the United States mail, it was a post road and came under the provisions of the act of 1866.

It was claimed in behalf of the railroad company, that the act in question applied only to roads traversing public domain. That the right of way which had been condemned and purchased by the railroad under the State laws was the property of the railroad company, and under the fifth amendment to the Constitution, could not be taken without compensation.

Judge Drummond in his decision held that the act of July 24, 1866, limits the powers therein conferred to such military and postal roads as are owned or exclusively controlled by the government. That the act does not include railroads which have been designated as post routes by other acts of Congress, over which the government exercises no control, but simply contracts for the carriage of the mails of the United States. That neither under the act of 1866 nor under any other act can Congress take or authorize the taking of private property of a railroad corporation for the purpose of erecting and maintaining a telegraph line without compensation for the franchise so sought to be granted.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

In Ceylon the monkeys are eating the cinchona bark.

A twenty-five pound porcupine was killed in Eleventh ward, Salt Lake City, the other day.

There is a tree in Florida, at Lake Harris, which yields 7,000 lemons annually.

Natural curiosities, gathered on Puget Sound, are awaiting shipment at Olympia to a Museum in Vienna, Austria.

A rattlesnake ten feet or more in length and as thick as a man's arm, has been seen near Frenchtown, California.

A remarkable instance of longevity is that of Mrs. Josefa Valmaseda, who recently died at Springdale, Toulumne County, California, aged 111 years.

The San Jose *Paradise* is informed of a remarkable herb growing on the foothills of Santa Clara county. That is a certain cure for small pox. The first dose cures.

A "persecuted" potato is on exhibition in Maryland, which grew in the foothills in 83 days, and weighs 14 pounds. Another instance showing what the foothills can do.

Mr. W. H. Hall has found on Anahulu Island, in Honolulu, a cave containing human skeletons of a great age, with many implements of bone, ivory, stone, and carved wood. There were several layers of these remains, formerly belonging to distinct periods of time, each layer being covered by a separate mass of gravel.

We regret to say that the most recent and thrilling geological story is that of a cat in Massachusetts, of a young adopted cat, who was set of little muskrats. When their eyes were opened, and they saw what kind of a mother fate had bestowed upon them, they so loudly complained that the benevolent cat became both hungry and indignant and ate every one of them.

Abraham Cooper, who died last week in San Francisco, was noted for his commanding propensities, having some time before his sudden demise performed the interesting feat of eating at one meal of a half-hour duration a fourteen pound turkey and a loaf of bread. Upon another occasion he consumed five glasses of lager beer, one glass of whisky, two bottles of claret, two glasses of gin and one of brandy—in all aggregating in liquid measure a gallon and a quarter.

PURGENTISTIC.

Dubuque surrounds its dead with pleasant memories, by laying out a race course around a cemetery.

Land can be bought in Florida at five cents an acre. No family should be without a farm.

Georgia convicts who have been leased to contractors are anxious to be released.

Illustrious can't be kept still in Mattie's. The ex-cadre officers always worn them out.

One old maid and a bald-headed man will cast a gloom over a picnic party which no pickled oysters or deviled ham can dispel.

The man in Corydon, Ind., who received three small pills in payment for three days' harvest work, demands an improved currency and more of it!

According to the marine editor of a Cincinnati paper, there is not a steamboat man on the Western rivers who would not die rather than tell the truth.

In Maine the other day the lightning struck a negro square on the top of his head. The darkey was slightly confused for a moment, and then wanted to know "who frowed de nigger?"

"My son you look like a boy who has been brought up by affectionate parents," said a kindly stranger to golden-haired child, and the latter, in an excited tone, exclaimed, "Do I? Just look at my back!"

The Virginia Enterprise facetiously remarks: "Down in Carson Valley it is so hot now that the horned toads are obliged to carry umbrellas in order to guard against sunstroke."

The Western papers are full of "The Man with the Branded Hand," but no attention is paid to the men with "branded" noses, though they are as ten thousand to one.—Boston Post.

At last reports, says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, Indian Agent Miles had had his scalp nailed on for safety, thrown away his broad-brimmed hat and was coming east at the rate of a mile a minute.

There is nothing like perseverance and industry for building up lasting relations with the fair world. There is a woman in Delaware who was once a lonely and friendless girl. Now she has a husband and twenty children.

A Toledo man on recovering from his fourth of July petard explosion, announces that he doesn't so much mind the loss of his pocket-book and watch, but if the finder will bring back his set of teeth he'll be everlastingly grateful.

The Rochester Democrat notes the fact that three of the Hamilton College graduates have entered journalism, and goes on to say that "it is a hopeful sign that so many journalists regard a liberal education as a necessary preliminary to their professional duties."

The Danbury man says: "One English dinner in the inexperienced American will produce that night—twelve cross-eyed sons; eight bears, with calico tails; eleven giants, with illuminated heads; one awful dog, with twelve legs; and fourteen bow-legged ruffians chased by a host of piratical catfishers, mounted on saddles of beef, roasted. Any respectable chemist will corroborate this statement."

An accident such as we hope may occur often happened recently at Nashville. Retributive Justice visited a baggage smasher. He dropped a box in the manner of these gentry, and the ultra-glycerine that it happened to contain spoke for itself. He now reports in bandages. It is all very well to say the explosive has no business there. But if it will be there occasionally and will teach them to handle baggage gently we shall overlook the offense of the sender.

A hater of tobacco asked an old negro woman, the fumes of whose pipe were annoying to him, if she thought she was a Christian. "Yes, brudder, I spects I is." "Do you know that there is a passage in the Scriptures that declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?" "Yes, I've heard of it." "Well, Chio, you smoke and you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, because you are breathing so unclean as the breath of the smoker. What do you say to that?" "Why, I spects I leave my bruff behind when I go dar."

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

A Colorado Pony.

Yesterday, says a Southern Colorado paper, we saw a man, a woman, a good-sized boy, two babies, five or six blankets, a buffalo robe, and two strings of chili on a single pony. Every available inch from his ear to the root of his tail was taken up by the poor animal. It was very small; thin as a towel rack; of a sickly pale color, and one fore leg was about five inches shorter than the other—the knee joint of his leg was very large, and the hoof of the missing part of the leg was driven in there by the weight above, so that when it was released the leg would stretch out again like a turtle's head. In fact, nearly all his legs were short, and the crookedest convention of legs that we ever saw. Incredible as it may seem, the wily little animal passed us on a trot. When he came down on the short leg, and the family "kerplumped" with it, it would have made the oldest man living believe that the pony was not sleeping soundly, for the motion of the horse served all the purposes of a cradle.

A Dead Dog's Power.

(Springfield, Mass., Republican.) A Worcester boy was engaged in nocturnal cherry-stealing a short time ago, and was observed by the owner of the fruit, who, unmolested by the young robber, placed a large stuffed dog at the foot of the tree, and retired to watch the result of his strategy. The boy about descending, reserved the dog, and then, in fun, commenced. He whistled, coaxed, threatened unavailingly, the animal never moving; and finally the youth, assuming the inevitable, selected down to passing the night in the tree. After some hours had passed, wearily enough to the lad, morning dawned, and the proprietor of the tree, coming from the house, asked him how he came to be in the tree, to which the boy answered that he took it to save himself from the dog, who had chased him quite a distance. It isn't healthy for a smaller boy to say stuffed dog to that youth now.

That noble old veteran, Hon. Gerrit Smith, is always exhibiting philanthropic qualities in a practical manner. His last gift of one thousand dollars for the relief of the Minnesota sufferers by the depredations of the grasshoppers is but another reminder of his blessed charities he has strewn along his life's way of life for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen.

PERSONALITIES.

Sunset Cox gets up at sunrise every morning at Saratoga.

Aristarche Bey, Minister from Turkey, takes his Turkish bath at Long Branch.

Mr. Henry Bergh, the champion of dumb creation, is spending the season at Saratoga.

General Butler is at Martha's Vineyard, where they raise camp meetings and convert people.

The Cincinnati Enquirer thinks Matt Carpenter should have proposed a law prohibiting hotel registers.

Kate Stoddard wants her looking-glass to take with her to the lunatic asylum. Nothing remarkable strange about that.

That cold-blooded human icicle, Lyman Trumbull, is exhorting for a nomination to Congress on the Anti-Monopoly ticket.—*Examiner*.

Lydia Thompson threatens to come back to the United States next week with a new company. The "shape" artists have struck for higher wages already.

Minister Washburne in Paris has been in very poor health of late, and possibly may come home on sick leave next month. It is said that he contemplates an early withdrawal from diplomatic service.

Jones, of Nevada, is at Long Branch. He has a team of four horses, and a brilliant complexion. Jones handles the ribbons in various parts of the world. Sir Moses will attain his nineteenth year on the 24th of October next.

Kemper, of Virginia, has destroyed his chances for the Vice Presidency in Ohio by "having no authority" to let the Cincinnati position have an old piece of iron owned by the Commonwealth. It is an old colonial stone, and with it the Cincinnati managers hope to fire the Buckeye heart.

The Governor of New York, General Dix, retains mental vigor faculties to a remarkable degree. He is seventy-six years of age, yet the cares of governing a great Commonwealth does not appear to weigh heavily on him, although he will soon be an octogenarian.

The editor of the Matton (Ill.) *Gazette* introduced Colfax at the Old Fellows' celebration, at Matton, last Tuesday, and undertook to apportion the next day the distinguished orator took in the little Credit Mobilier affair. It is said that Colfax blushed deeply, and looked very penitent. The ladies all took out their handkerchiefs, and there wasn't a dry eye in the crowd.

Minnie Myrtle Miller, once the wife of Joaquin Miller, the wandering poet, left Chios Bay for San Francisco last week. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

Do It Circumspectly.

Watkinson's Advice to Mural Halted.] The drums are rattling on the Champs de Mars. Holmes' gutter on the Bridge of Marengo. The Elysian Fields are aflame. M. Cressonix is twirling his baton behind the Palace of Industry, and half a hundred fat girls in false jewelry are bawling the ballads out of M. Le Coq's last extravaganza in the Grand of Stars. The nauts around the obelisk in the Palace of Harmony bob their bronze heads through the mist of the fountains, and the river runs on toward Auteuil, where Armand Duval and Violette sought a rustic dwelling, keeping its secrets passing well. The Moulin Rouge is not far away, nor the Mabilite either. Mr. Halstead pays his money and takes his choice; and we shall not be kept waiting long to see how he will come out of it. But, whatever he does, let him first down on his narrow-bones and beseech some good Frenchman to show him if sin he must, how he may do it circumspectly!

BANKING.

U.S. DEPOSITORY

The First National Bank

OF OMAHA.

Corner of Farnham and 13th streets.

THE OLDEST BANKING ESTABLISHMENT IN NEBRASKA.

(Successors to Knapp & Brothers.)

ESTABLISHED IN 1858.

Organized as a National Bank, August 26, 1863.

Capital and Profits over - \$250,000.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

E. C. RICHMOND, President.

H. C. RICHMOND, Vice President.

A. J. POPPLETON, Attorney.

ALVIN SAUNDERS, President.

ENOS LOWE, Vice President.

BEN WOOD, Cashier.

STATE SAVINGS BANK.

N. W. Cor. Farnham and 12th Sts